Eddy says he admires the Land: reminds him of Chaucer.

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

Sunday

Darling Mr. Nicolson,

Could you be an entire Angel & tell me (for the 50th time) the name & address of the old widow who typewrites? Lost again, & needed instantly. Well, did you like Squire? I did: I think the better of him for it, though his manner is always that of a curate, a grocer, a churchwarden, someone sticky with jam & bees & a School Treat: however, he admires you; & I'm jealous. Yes: that yellow moon, is rising on the horizon - Everyone admiring Vita, talking of Vita. Now there remain - The Times Literary Supt. for which I have an unreasoning respect: Nation: New Statesman. All of these are negligible compared with the word of mine or any other casual vivid outspoken fellow human being: but one can't see it merely — not the author. I've been walking to the river — back: - But what was I going to say? Oh yes —

begin your history of a Kentish village at once.
Plan it out roughly on a sheet that. Let Each lobe
note branch & blossom in the light, & when you're
walking (the beauty of this subject is that everything will
come in – cabbages, moon, church steeple): occasionally
open some old history, or life of some unknown man,
but not to read carefully – to dream over. So in a
week – no, 3 or 4 days, the whole poem will be
humming & bubbling in your head: & then Nearly
seem but a temporary contrivance having the way-
(Not mine; this don't apply to Spanish wives.) How
I envy you with sweet Jakes of prose coming
from London – & this in your head, in your Jaded Blood-stirring one
your free. I say: did I tell you the Bar
was a dead secret? Eddy waits about it. I
suppose I forgot, & shall be flayed alive: Can't be
helped. Are you coming up? Shall I come
down for a night some time? No: your mother.
Jack, Mary & Tomkins have just been,
& Jack says we can't print Raymond's
pamphlet: would be prosecuted. certainly.
Any more letters of prose?
The green moon is rising
LMB.

HAMILL + BARKER 2/5/62

Wednesday

Very nice to get a letter from you, dear creature - No, it wasn't the hurdle yesterday - I had the shivers, due to getting wet through at Rodmell - that was all - I went to bed, took aspirin, hot bottle, such all right today, only incredibly sleepy. Still I agree — people are the devil - what's to be done, though, if they march in unasked, like Eddy? Moreover you can't talk - lunch at Wokey, tea Virginia, Cocktail Raymond, dine Mary, supper Ritchie - There I was warm in bed, & glad to hear it was a ghastly failure. And now you're off to Brighton

heaven help you! I wish you had it that before you, but cannot
Drop in & talk. Here I am sitting in state lying in front
of the gas fire in perfect quiet.

I'm sorry about your mother — Yours Leonard.

Sir Cohen of Teheran just sold to Hachette, so we're in
pawn the thousand & he's sent it, with his
polite duty, to her ladyship.

NYPL

Write again, do. I'm now going to
read your story. Send back my essay sometime
with any comments.

I'd like to stay 2 nights — but God knows.
May I have it then?

Yr Virginia

52 TS

Friday

No.- Can't come. Have caught
Eczema from Guzzle. My
hair comes out in tufts. I
scratch incessantly. It wouldn't
be safe for you, or, what matters
more, the kiddies. I shall
think of you: let that console us.

What joke being done
with. yes, I'll come reaching
Sevenoaks at 5.22.

It's true I'm incredibly dirty;
have washed my head.- hair is
down: skirt shortened. Hose
in holes - Pity how Virginia

Dragged off the afternoon by Sybil
to meet Arnold Bennett who abused
me for a column in the Nightly
Standard.

Oh I'm so sick of hearing
dancing, reading, writing —
Everything. Except seeing —
well but you, I admit.
Yes it will be nice: yes it will.
And thank you be very kind to me!

Please do.

Yours ever

V.W.

NYPL

We want Bobby back
on Jan 1st.
52 T. S. I think. Can we?

Dearest Vita,

(How why did I say that?)
Yes. Monday, unless. 2.30.
Please come, & bathe me in
serenity again. Yes. You are
wholly & entirely happy. If
you could have uncased me. You
would have seen every nerve
running fire-intense, but
calm. Then how hard you
worked, like a navvy. & I
laying & merely all the time.
Anyhow this is in Vita's line.
But why, darling Mrs N.,
honourable Mrs N.
insert when knole? To see

me ridiculous, the powder falling, the
hair pins dropping, & not a word said
in private between us. Is it true
of your moonlight, romantic
stags barking, old man feeding
them from a bucket in the snow,
dear L. It shall be considered, anyhow.
But Arnold Bennett has sold my
books twice as fast as before: 6 sell
instead of one. Please be rude to him
& then Ickham will leap: this doing
very well: 6 sold to Smiths, one at the
door to an old woman with long teeth.
Cameron morning, not fast, but work the
Degrading ye battleship taking the water.
Logan to tea, very American. Raymond —
I eat all my words — very charming,
very gay, very simple, very what one
calls nice.

But not Vita I adore.

Yr Virginia

Wednesday, & shall I hope, soon
see you:

V W

Xmas Day

Eagles Nest
Zennor
St Ives.

Xmas post in:
no letter from you.
What a disappoint-
ment!

Dearest creature - There is an argument going on
I am writing on my knee. We look over the Atlantic.
You have never seen the Guernard 'Nead? I should
like to see you here — A fame raven taps at the
window. We motor over the moors, so cold, like an
Ld "Century Print - Skeletons hanging on withered
branches - Suddenly we dip into the valley, -
fuchs rhododendrons, & palm trees & St Michaels
Mount riding out in a blue sea. But the
Cold! the Cold! I sleep in stockings, vest, a pair of
wool drawers (I had to buy in Penzance) Sq/ Jacket.
The bed sets cold on the right of one sleeps on the left.
They are kind & good & high minded & free spoken &
dressed in tweeds & very public spirited - the Prophe
here. They give Christmas trees to the village children-
I dare find much of that sinful light, though,
which stands in the door of the Sevenoaks,
fisher monger. I keep saying, But Vita,
Spoilt me - spoilt me - spoilt me! Why have you
taught me this piteous cry? & then to go

Perna? & Leave me?

I have crept into another room, as the argument, about League of Nations, breaks on my ears. Here I am with the raven & the little boy.

But what was I going to say? Fond of me? Yes, No, says Vita, a little absent minded, but then she has to give the housemaids brooches to mother to Brighton. It will be fine, I think, & your mother will relent, & will give you 200 pounds, in a blue envelope. We went to the Lands End yesterday. We both have colds in the head. I am reading The Constant Nymph with the painful & dread of a heavy woman in a bog. Have I lost all sense of fiction? Why does this Flemish trash, with one idea to a hundred pages, Can any body? Why do we pay Mrs Kennedy £200 (I think of nothing but money) for writing it? p.a

Older memoirs which I read voraciously renew the sense that I can read with pleasure. Otherwise I am only an eye — yes, I observe the sea incessantly — very rough. Blue & white, today with little tramp steamers butching, & splashing; & at night they burn the gorse on the moor, & it is exactly like the death of Siegfried: a crimson glare rising over crags. Oh yes, I should like to see you here. We come back on Tuesday, not-

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Have you really made it up with your mother?

Friday

I hope so. Yes: my mother — I've no room.

Dear Vita,

Here is your mother's letter, to which I have replied in my well known 18th Century Style: no, she has been most helpful & emollient. Cameron has almost paid. Yes, I am dining with Dotty. What happened to day? I was rushing in to a shop to buy a velvet coat, when a woman said 'any stains to take at?' Good God, I said, I have at least 12 in use at the moment — so I bought her ointment, & ah my stains are vanished like mew, & I'd been cleaned unaccountably, & life has turned its voices clear, & everything seems lovable — & esp indeed. I had a tooth stopped. Saw my lip in my cheek, my chin are all back & blister. When I say to the dentist, why do you do this to me? He replies, 'But then, Mrs W.

Your skin is the most sensitive in London, at which I am flattered, but Leonard paints my skin with Benzoin ointment which I like, & I daresay its poisonous. I shall be dead — here's Tom Eliot ringing up. I've been having tea with my niece, & sewed a frock, & won seven green sweets, & lunched with Sybil & met a cousin of yours, & should be doing this moment with Lord Gerald Wellesley, but if he knew I was doing such dotty, what a row. & I've been Tehoran is selling well, & I've had through agonies; buying shoes for my mother in law, & reading over a small bag of chocolate cigars & Turkish Delight. & reading a letter from Shandy & oh God I've bought a chair. My dear Vita, one sits in it & it revolves round one like the clouds of summer; & ... but this is mere balderdash. mere chatter. Will it make you play sitting on my bed; & what wages d'you pay Horn. & how much d'you give for your blotting paper; & then you set up & so, as I must, to read my book. Monday basement. Undress

V Virginia

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/15/62